

Eng. Poetry vol. 4.

P E R F E C T I O N.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.

[Price Two Shillings.]

P E N B A C T I O N

B O T T I C A N D I S T M E

[Price Two Cents]





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b.....34.....4
c.....34.....11, 12
d.....36.....10
e.....36.....5 last lines.

P E R F E C T I O N. K

A

P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E.

Calmly addressed to the greatest Hypocrite in England.

“ He, *like an hypocritic Brother,*
“ *Professes one Thing, does another :*
“ *Thus all Things where they're most profest*
“ *Are found to be regarded least.*”

BUTLER—upon P. Nye's (*an hypocritical*
Turn-coat's) *Thanksgiving Beard.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noster-Row.

MDCC LXXVIII.

P E R F E C T I O N

P O E T I C A L E P I C T U R E

Compared to the great pictures in England.



L O N D O N

Printed for J. B. W. in Pall Mall.

MCCCLXXIII

P R E F A C E.

“ We Poets are but Salesmen of Wit,
“ And make our *Caps* for those they chance to fit.

BUTLER.

SO sings *Butler*; and in humble Imitation of these *poetical Salesmen* our Author writes. Like them, he works from *Fancy*; yet his Work may *fit*, like theirs, by *Chance*. Whoever should be conscious that this *Epistle* must be addressed to *him*, and to *him alone*, cannot discern *his own Likeness* without doing an involuntary Honour to the Hand that drew it. But should the *Public Voice* cry out, “ *This is He!*” the Author’s *End* will then be fully answered: The worst Species of all *Hypocrisy* will be sufficiently exposed, and many innocent and well-intentioned Persons (too apt to be misled by *false Appearances*) may probably be saved from *Ruin*, together with their *Families*. Should such a Character as *Cantwell’s* really exist in Nature, and were the Author vain enough to imagine that he has the least Talent for *Satire*, he finds a fair Plea for exerting it upon

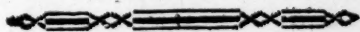
the present *Subject* already drawn up for him by an ingenious Writer—it is this: “That those *who fear nothing else* dread to be
“marked out to the Contempt and Indignation of the World by
“*Ridicule*. There is no succeeding in the *secret Purposes of Dis-*
“*honesty* without preserving some Degree of *Credit* with Mankind;
“as there cannot exist a more impotent Creature than a *Knave*
“*convict*. To expose, therefore, the false Pretensions of *counterfeit*
“*Virtue* is to disarm it at once of all the Power of *Mischief*, and
“to perform a *public Service* of the most advantageous Kind.”

PERFEC-

P E R F E C T I O N*.

A

POETICAL EPISTLE.



W H E N first the Spirit † urg'd you to the Chace
Of *New-Light, Faith, Perfection, Love, and Grace* ‡,
Drove you from *classic Ground* to prance and pant
In *Fields* || that echo'd with your *mystic Cant*,

* Meaning the very absurd Doctrine of *sinless Perfection*, which reminds one of these admirable Lines of *Butler*, viz.

“ All Mens Intrigues and Projects tend
“ By sev'ral Courses to one End ;
“ To compass by the prop'rest Shows
“ Whatever their Designs propose ;
“ And *Knaves* appear more just and true
“ Than *honest Men*, who make less Shew :
“ *Hypocrisy* will serve as well
“ To propagate a Church as Zeal :
“ So round *white Stones* will serve, they say,
“ As well as *Eggs* to make Hens lay.
“ How various and innumerable
“ Are all *who live upon the Rabble !*”

† The *Spirit* is always whispering at a *Saint's* Ear.

‡ Part of the String of Doctrines among the *Chosen*.

|| *Cantwell* set out not without great Reluctance as a *Field-Preacher*.

Envious

Envious you saw how *Whitefield's Lantern* shone,
 And at his *farthing Candle* lit *your own* *.
 Still cherishing with *Zeal* the *borrow'd Ray*,
 On lift'ning *Bedlam* now you pour *the Day*.
 Blessed Effulgence from a *moonshine Beam* †
 That *struck* your scatter'd Senses in a *Dream* ‡!
 Methinks I hear, I feel, your *fancy'd Call*
 In a *still Voice*, so *small*, 'twas—*none at all* ||.
 In *Spirit press'd* §, what *Converts* then you made
 Ere Rivals interlop'd to spoil your *Trade* ?
 With Tears you cleans'd *Bocardo* ¶ from all *Sin*,
 And lodg'd in *Stews* to lay the *Fiend within*.

* Mr. *Whitefield* was *enlightened* long before our *Cantwell* caught the Spark of *Inspiration*.

† Alluding to that Species of *insane* called *Lunatics* or *Moon-struck*.

‡ All these *Saints* fancy that they are first *converted* in *Visions* and *Dreams*.

|| The very Account of our *Cantwell's Conversion* in the very Words, viz. "a still, *small Voice*, or rather *no Voice*. Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 113.

§ A *Cant-Phrase*.

¶ Formerly a *Gaol* in *Oxford*.

This

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

This *Grain of Mustard-Seed* †, at *Oxford* sown,
 Now to your *Standard of Perfection's* grown;
 Pleas'd with the Soil, its vig'rous Branches spread,
 And o'er *Moorfields* ‡ their Umbrage wildly shed.
 Thither, with all their || pilfer'd Tributes, flock
Daws, Cuckoos, Boobies §, to increase your *Stock*.
 Behold! from East and West, and North and South,
Gulls drop their *Scraps* ¶ in *Cantwell's* toothless Mouth:
 To feed their *Prophet*, plunder all the Land,
 And fly to hear what none can *understand*:
 Like *wild Ducks*, snar'd, they flap their Wings for Joy,
 Enchanted with the F---dry's sweet *Decoy*.

† *Methodism* took its Rise at *Oxford*. Vide Account of God's Dealings with George Whitefield, p. 18, 19.

‡ The Regions of *Lunatics, mad Folks, and the Elect*.

|| Corrupted *Wives and Servants* are particularly *bountiful*, notwithstanding the Commandment "Thou shalt not steal."

§ The silliest Birds.

¶ *Scraps*, indeed!—The very *Beggar* is suffered, nay, instigated, to throw in his *Mite*:—Thus to the Poor is the Gospel preached.—For a true Knowledge of the *Cantwells* see that excellent Comedy called the *Hypocrite*.

Unless *Rome's* Pagan Calendar deceives,
She worshipp'd once a *Deity of Thieves**.
 Those *Rites* are now refin'd by *Cantwell's* Skill,
 And that *chaste Goddess* has her *Vot'ries* still;
 To *some choice Saints* propitious now as then:
Thou art her *Priest*, thy *F---dry* is her *Den*.
 Thence issu'd *R----n* †, *Sharon's Rose*, full blown,
 For *Sanctity*, and *Rapes on Babes*, well known;
Perfection's Child—a Suckling of *your own*.
 With *him Perfection's* Graft brought forth good Fruit,
 In *Faith* an Angel, and in *Works* a Brute:

* *Laverna*, mentioned by *Horace*, who makes a *knaveish Hypocrite* invoke her thus:

———Da, pulchra *Laverna*,
 Da mihi fallere, da iusto, sanctoque videri;
 Noctem *Peccatis*, et *Fraudibus* objice Nubem.

“Grant me the Gifts of ev'ry tricking Grace,

“A pious Eye, a sanctimonious Face;

“Thou know'st my inward Man can't bear the Light,

“Throw o'er my choicest Deeds the Veil of Night.”

† A Pupil of *sinless Perfection*, and Follower of the *Lamb*—a fanatical Preacher, &c. &c. lately executed at *Tyburn*.

Belief

*Belief** infures his Glory in the Skies,
 Ev'n in the *Noose* he catches at the *Prize*;
 On *Christ* the frantic V-----n lays bold fast †,
 And in the Arms of *Jesus* ‡ breathes his last.
 Thus thro' *Delusion's* Mist *Perfection* leads
God's chosen People || to the worst of *Deeds*.
 A suff'ring *Saviour* dy'd for them alone §;
Tinkers ¶ absolve 'em, and they're all his own.
Despotic over ev'ry *Soul* you quack,
 None must presume to leave the F--- dry-Track;
 Close by *Old Bedlam* lies the level Road
 That leads the *Chosen* to the blest Abode.

* These crafty Teachers preach up *Faith* above all things—That, and *that alone*, (a sad *Falsity*!) can save—Why? Because the least *Infidelity* would ruin them—If their *Dupes* were not credulous, these holy Mountebanks must starve.

† ‡ *Cant-Expressions* for ever in the Mouths of *Saints*.

|| A Name by which these *Saints* impiously dare to distinguish themselves from all other *Christians*, whom they vainly call almost *Christians*.

§ So these poor mad Souls pretend.

¶ An absolute Fact—*Tinkers, Taylors, &c.* are sufficiently inspired to do this Business.

The

The *Balm* you sell *Salvation* best infures,
Old Cantwell's Shop performs *the only Cures*.

For genuine *Manna**, true *Eye-Salve of Grace* †,
 Hie to *Moorfields*—the noted cheapest Place.

Lost is the Soul that 'stablist' *Churches* tries,
 Seeking a Refuge in mere *Forms* and *Lies* ‡.

Your Tribes, thus tutor'd, at our *Worship* rail,
 Zealous *Dissenters* under *Union's Veil* || ;

Think all the Doctrines of our *Pulpit* wrong,
 And only relish *Myst'ry*, *Cant*, and *SONG* §.

Thus you uphold o'er *Fools* a *Papal Throne*,
 And with false *Tenets* ¶ brand 'em for *your own* ;

* † Affected *Cant Terms* for their *false Doctrines*. Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 18.

‡ These are the decent *Terms* in which these *Saints* speak of the *Church-of-England Doctrines* and their *Preachers*. Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 10, 43, 104, 166.

|| Their *Union* with our *Church* is a mere *Pretence*, to avoid the odious *Name of Conventiclers*.

§ Falsely called *spiritual Song*—In some of their *Hymns* there are the most *blasphemous Expressions*.

¶ *Sinless Perfection*, &c. &c.

Check, overbear, intimidate, controul,
 Master of Body, Reason, Will, and Soul*;
 Erect a *Tyranny* for Mens *Salvation*,
 And to that Tyranny annex *Taxation* †;
 Creep into Houses, blast domestic Life,
 Sow *false Religion*, and eternal Strife,
 Tempt *weaker Vessels* ‡ to betray *their Head* ||,
 And with *your Dogs* divide the Childrens Bread §;
 Industrious *Trade* with *Contributions* crush ¶,
 And plunder *Poverty* without a Blush.

* These insolent *Teachers* have the daring Assurance to lay their *Commands* upon their *Flock* in respect to their *secular* as well as *spiritual* Affairs.

† Extorted by these *spiritual Decoy-Men* in Pence, Half-pence, and even *Fartbings*.—This pious Practice reminds one of *Horace's* Description of the *Ant*:

——“*Ore trahit quodcunque potest.*”——

‡ || *Wife* and *Husband*.

§ Alluding to an Expression of our Saviour, viz. “*taking the Childrens Bread*, and throwing it *to Dogs*—i. e. to preaching *Lay-Lubbers* (as Mr. Rowland Hill justly calls them)—*Tinkers, Taylors, &c.* who think *Learning* an Enemy to the *Gospel*, as it detects and exposes their *Knavery*.—They would be subject to no *Rules* but the *Carpenter's* or *Mason's*, and endure no *Letters* or *Figures* but *Scores* and *Tallies*.

¶ These *Contributions* for *God's Sake* are endless among the *Saints*.

Does *Johnson** write for *Tyranny* much worse?

Yours too affects *Life, Liberty, and Purse.*

Wou'd they be *sav'd*, your *Flocks* must all *obey*;

But *Hell's* their Portion if they dare *gainsay*.

Start not at *Truth*—your *grey Hairs* were betray'd

When *Lucy C--per* † was a *Convert* made:

Your *Guineas* and your *Cant* too light were found;

Then your *Perfection* cou'd not stand its Ground.

That *Harlot*, whom with *Hope* at first you cramm'd,

Revolting at *your Love*, you nobly—*damn'd*.

You found your *feeble Purpose* justly crost,

And then *your fav'rite Penitent* was *lost* ‡.

* Dr. Sam. Johnson, whose generous and noble Sentiments in his *Taxation* no *Tyranny* have been pitifully served up again, by a certain *PLAGIARY*, in public *Addresses*.

† A Lady still remembered in *Covent-Garden*.—This little Anecdote is founded in *Fact*.—Let it not be told in *Gaib*, nor published in *Askelon*!

‡ At *Confession* these *Saints* are asked, "How do you *find*, or *feel*, yourself?"—They often answer, "*I think* I am *lost*."—This is when they are a *Cup* too low.—At other Times "the *Righteous* are as bold as *Lions*."—Thus they *cant*.

Yet

Yet let my Muse rehearse another Tale,
 I'll call on *D—d* ere my Proof shall fail;
 Nay, were it not for raising further Strife,
 Call on *your own repudiated Wife*.
 At *sixty-three* could *such Perfection* burn?
 No *Victim* but in *Teens* then serve your Turn,
 Till on a Widow Int'rest made you fix*,
 Faithless alike in *Love* and *Politics*?
 Stronger than *Marriage-Vows* rank Lust inclin'd
Sinless Perfection soon to change its Mind;
 The *Wife* grew stale—you found *some Converts* kind.
 Then, as if tingling with *Meibomian Rod*†,
 You flew from *Grace, Perfection, Vows, and God*.

* The *Fact* is this: A very near Relation to this *perfect Saint* was ashamed that an *old Fellow* should make love to a mere *Girl*, (whom he declared he intended to marry as a *Nurse*,) and found a *Widow* with *Money* for him—*little Miss* had nothing but *Youth* by Way of *Dowry*—The *second Thought* was best, and *Miss* was deserted for *Mistress*.

† *Meibomius* has written a Treatise *De Usu Flagellorum in Re Venered*.

Thus

Thus 'tis *some Saints* can master so their Blood,
 That ev'ry *carnal Appetite's* withstood.
 Thus Beauty's Nets no *perfect Saint* immesh,
 With *Souls* alone connected, not with *Flesh*.
 The Bosom's magic Pow'rs they view unmov'd,
 By a feign'd Blush, their *Apathy* is prov'd;
 And if, perchance, th'electric Force they feel,
 Another Glance they do not *take*, but *steal*:
 With *thy Perfection* arm'd, in that they trust,
 They peep and peep again, but never *lust*.
 Yet still, dear *John*, a fascinating Feature,
 Or speaking Eye, reminds one of the *Creature**:
 A *Smile*, a *Form*, or an attracting *Lip*,
 Will make *Saints fall* sometimes as well as slip.

* Every *Cantwell* knows how to apply this and the preceding Lines.—The *Creature* is a *Cant-Term*. with the *Saints* for all *carnal Matters*.

Ev'n holy *Sisters* *, in a *Call of Love*,
 Without Man's Aid, have *quicken'd from Above* †.
 What Wretch, not yet *converted*, dares invade
 Those *solemn Rites* ‡ which gladden all *your Trade*,
 When *preaching* LUBBERS, who have dropp'd their *Pack* ||,
 In *watch-night Labours* prove themselves not slack,
 Thro' *Calls of Love* to tender Scenes advance,
 And slide into *Adult'ry* in a *Trance* § ?
 Alas! the *Wicked* in gross Colours paint
 This holy *Intercourse* 'twixt *Saint* and *Saint* ;

* Females of their own *Sett*, or *Society*, they call *Sisters*—mimicking the Style of the *Apostles* in respect to the first *female Converts*.

† These *Calls of Love* are frequent among *Saints*—In one of these Calls a young Woman in *Fenchurch-Street* was *visited* a few Years ago—*Miss* grew *big*—Her *Mother* (a *Convert* of *Cantwell's*) declared it must be some *Visitation* upon her *from Above* to convince her of the State of *Sin* she was in—*Miss* was brought to bed—The *Father* was one of *Cantwell's Preachers*.

‡ At their *Love-Feasts* and *Watch-Nights*—*Mysteries of Darknefs*.

|| Alluding to *Vagabond Preachers* among the *Saints*, many of whom have carried *Packs*, and still continue to *smuggle Lace*, and Goods of easy, snug Carriage, notwithstanding their *sacred Call*.

§ If *Saints* stray, it is always in a *Vision*, or a *Trance*.

Yet sensual Thoughts ne'er stain their *chaste Design*,
Cantbarides * but consecrate the *Wine*;
 Set *pious Spirits* in an equal Flow,
 And raise up those whom *Satan* has brought low;
 Promote by *godly Means* *Perfection's* Plan,
 And lead to *inward Grace* the *outward Man* †.
 Tho', with th'*unballow'd*, Aids like these procure
 Foul Sin, yet "all Things to the Pure are pure ‡."
 Thus *Claudia* || fell a Victim at nineteen,
 Unhappy Actress in *Perfection's* Scene!
 Her Faith, alas! was plighted, and her Hand
 Betrothed to a Youth in *Wedlock's* Band:

* Thrown into the *holy Philters* at their *Love-Feasts*—medicinally, to strengthen and support the *outward Man* in the Performance of these *holy Rites*.

† *Cant-Expression*.

‡ This is the *pious Apology* with the *Saints* for all *Enormities*.

|| Her unhappy Story is still remembered in *Fenchurch-Street*, and in several other Parts of the City.

But

But *chaste Perfection* in the *F-----y-Cells* *
 Beguil'd the Maiden with its *sinless Spells*.
 Some few Moons wasted, *Claudia's* Presence spoke
 That *F-----y-Absolutions* were no *Joke*.
H--ter † was call'd to clear the *Saints* from *Sin*,
 And he declar'd "the *Spirit* stirr'd *within*."
 The Nymph reveal'd, when full nine Months were gone,
A perfect Bantling that resembled *John*.
 In vain *Perfection's* *Convert* wept and swore
Cantwell was just, and *Claudia* was no *Whore*,
 Pronounc'd such *Judgments* kindly sent to win
A lost young Creature from a State of *Sin* ‡,
 Quoted apt *Texts* which *Cantwell* had supply'd;
 But *Facts*, (like *Ev--s* ||,) prov'd *Perfection* ly'd.

* The *Brethren* of the *F-----y* affect to lead a Kind of *monastic Life*—It is a Kind of *Jesuitical College*.

† The Name of any *Man-Midwife* that the Reader pleases.

‡ True *Conventicle-Cant*.

|| An honest *Detector* of *political Sophistry*.

Hold yet, my Muse, nor close *Perfection's* Scene;
 Its *Anecdotes* in Mem'ry are but green:
 Another and another still succeeds,
 Sad Proofs how Dupes to *Faith* fall short in *Deeds**.
 Did *Christ's* Disciples ever once enjoin
 Their *Converts* from a *Husband* to purloin?
 Did they give *Absolutions* as fly *Fees*,
 That Coffers might be plunder'd by *false Keys*†?
 Some Years have roll'd o'er *Cantwell* since, 'tis true,
 But *pious Frauds* shou'd live for ever new;
 Live for *Example*, and in ev'ry Age
 The Thoughts of *Parent, Husband, Wife*, engage;
 Penn'd in a Note-Book, and rehears'd by Heart,
 That *Children* may at such *Perfection* start

* The *Staunch Saints* pin all upon *Faith*; *Works* are filthy Rags.

† A *Fact* transacted in *Friday-Street* by a married female Follower of the *Lamb*, under *Conventicle Influence*.

Betimes—That, as they ripen into Years,
 No future *Cantwells* may with *Hopes*, and *Fears*,
False Doctrines, and *delusive Cant*, betray
 Chaste Hearts, which *Knaves unmask'd* can't lead astray.
 For ever may *these Anecdotes* be told!
 Were *Truths*, like these, at the *lewd F---y* fold*,
 Its *wooden God* must fail of such Success;
 The *Swarms of Magdalens'* wou'd soon grow less;
 The *Bankrupt-List* decrease; and fewer Yells
 Be heard within *Old Bedlam's* frantic Cells;
 The Thread of *Cantwell's* baneful Life be spun,
 And all his *preaching Vagabonds* † undone.

Ye Sons of *Loyola* ‡, now say, with Tears,
 Why *Sisters* shou'd confess their *Sins* and *Fears*?

* If any *Saint* (sore in *Conscience*) chuses to admit himself to be the Author's *Cantwell*, the AUTHOR hereby engages to verify his *Anecdotes*, and bring them home, provided the *Cap* can fit *that single Knave alone*.

† *Itinerant Journeymen-Apostles*.

‡ *Ignatius Loyola*, the Founder of the *holy and undefiled Society of Jesuits*.

Why ev'ry Weakness to a *Knave* reveal,
 Who keeps the *Key* that he may freely steal?
 Let *Loyola's* chaste College, too, declare
 What Price your various *Absolutions* bear*?
 With you each Crime may find a tender Nurse,
 To suit the Depth of Conscience, Sense, and Purse.
 To *Loyola* you owe this precious Art;
 But can *Confession* cleanse the *Murd'rer's* Heart?
 Can *Absolution* heal the *Pill'ry's* Shame,
 And to the *perjur'd* Wretch restore lost Fame?
 Do you, when *Circuits* † rouse your lagging Blood
 To vain Attempts that shou'd have been withstood,

* That these *Saints* confess to their *Teachers* (Mechanics of all Sorts), and receive *Absolution* from them, is certain.

† The *Chiefs* of these *holy Impostors* go their *Circuits*, and visit their *Preaching-Houses* in the Country—where there is always a *Slut* or two (that is, a Strumpet or two), as Mr. Rowland Hill says—Here they collect their quarterly or half-yearly *Contributions* from mere *Rabble*. Their Presence generally occasions a Kind of *snug Carnival*. These Assertions would be fully verified by the Production of certain *Letters* alluded to in the following Lines.

Absolve

Absolve *yourself*, and (like some Brutes of Note)
 Contain *within* both *Bane* and *Antidote**?
 Ah! no—you loiter in the flow'ry Way,
 Yet fill with *Thorns* those Paths where others stray.
 But, if a yielding *Sister* strikes your Eye,
 Say, do you let the *Rose* unmelt go by?
 'Gainst melting Eyes, and soft imploring Hand†,
Sinless Perfection cannot always stand.
 The *Spirit* warns us in a Voice so small
 Sometimes, that *Nature* does not hear its Call.
 'Tis whisper'd still that *certain Letters*‡ speak
Perfection's Champion to be more than weak.
 From *those* let *Friendship* but withdraw its Veil,
 The World will find *Perfection* worse than frail;
 Ev'n *Wolves* || *might blush* to hear so strange a Tale:

* *Naturalists* speak of such Animals.

† In the Act of *Confession*.—This was the Case several Years ago between old *Father Gerard* (another *Jesuit*) and *Miss Cadere*.

‡ A Word to the *Wife*.

|| It would be a Miracle indeed to see a *Wolf blush*, says a late *Penny Pamphlet Writer*.

And

And tho' an *injur'd Wife* turn'd t'other Cheek;
 In Meekness, yet the very Stones wou'd speak;
 All *Saints* wou'd wonder *One*, who seem'd so good,
 Could fall, tho' made sufficient to have stood.
 What! had *Perfection* drank of *Circe's Cup*?
 Where was his *Light**? Cou'd not *Grace* buoy him up†?
 To fall in *Years*! amidst his *Converts* fall ‡!
 And, turn'd of *sev'nty*, feel a *boyish Call*!
 With Tricks of Youth his Memory refresh,
 And wanton without *Weapons of the Flesh*!
 Is this *Perfection*? Are these *Calls of Love*?
 Is this the *Birth* || you boast of *from Above*?

* The boasted *New-Light* of these *Saints*.

† Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 80—a ridiculous Trial of this Kind.

‡ These unexpected Circumstances are discovered in the *Letters* hinted at above; which upon a certain *Family-Quarrel* had like to have been published to the World—but a common Friend, in Pity to *Cantwell* (who declared it would be his Ruin), interposed.

|| The *New-Birth*.

Are

Are these the Doctrines you intend to preach
 When *Fools* have plac'd a *Chapel* in your Reach?
*Detested**, and by all but *Mob* abhorr'd,
 Now you're erecting *Temples* to the Lord.
 Sick of the *Conventicle's* odious Name†,
 Will building *Temples* now embalm your Fame?
 Will *Liturgies*, and *Forms*, (designing Fox!)
 Make all your pois'nous Hashes *orthodox*?
 Will *popish* *Olios* go the better down,
 When in *another Shape* you cheat the Town;
 Like *Proteus*, of your *Cunning* make the most,
 And play with *Bubbles* like the *Cock-Lane Ghost*?
 A *Temple*!—Shall your *Penitents* see there
Confessors perch'd in a new-fangled *Chair*?

* As an old, shatter-brained *Impostor*.

† These *Saints* cannot bear to have their *Meeting-Houses* called *Conventicles*—they have new-christened them "*Tabernacles*" in London, and in the Country "*Preaching-Houses*"—yet the same motley Set of mean *Mechanics* jump up from *Shop-Boards* into *Pulpits* as in the Time of old *Oliver*, in these *Conventicles*.

G

Say,

Say, shall your *F-----y* be the *female Pen*,
 And for the *Males* your *Temple* be the *Den*?
 Where shall this last best *Light* of yours shine most,
 Here in cold *Pray'r*, or there where *Saints* can roast*?
 Your *F-----y-Stew* now, like yourself, grows cold;
 E'en pen up all your *Lambkins* in one *Fold*;
 Let the lewd *F-----y's* Walls no more remain,
 Let ancient *Bedlam* vindicate its *Reign*;
 Add *Works* to *Faith*—to *Madmen* ope your *Door*,
 And let them rant, where *Saints* have rav'd before.
 Ere some *Erasmus* † consecrates this *Pile*,
 How oft your *Temple-Dupes* will make you smile ‡
 How many *Gulls* must fast four *Times* a *Week* †
 How many *Tradesmen* must subscribe, and break ‡

* The *F-----y* is a Sort of *spiritual Hotel*, where *preaching Lubbers*, &c. sojourn—The *Antichamber* is the *Kitchen*—There all *Strangers* wait who want Audience of the *Oracle* within.

† A *Bishop* of *Arcadia*, of whom *Mr. Rowland Hill* tells a good Story in his *Full Answer to John Wesley's Remarks*, p. 17, 18.

‡ The *Saints* in general make a Merit of *fasting* twice a *Week*, and the very *staunch ones* of all pretend to fast three *Times*.

You, who have prey'd on *Fools* throughout your *Life*,
 Plough with that Heifer call'd an *artful Wife* :
 This Truth sad Scenes (shou'd *Hearsay* seem too weak)
 In *Friday* and in *Fenchurch Street* can speak *.
 Since *Absolution* aids the *holy Job*,
 All pious *Wives* their *Husbands* now may rob
 For their *Soul's Good*—By *Knaves* with *Fears* beset,
 They drain that *Purse* which shou'd have paid a *Debt* :
 Sure that, whilst *Cheats* are fed, their *Pray'rs* prevail,
 They plunge the *Fool* they marry'd in a *Jail*;
 To a false *Guide*, and false *Doctrines*, trust,
 And learn from *tortur'd Texts*† to be unjust.
 These *Tributaries* quake at *Cantwell's* Nod;
 His *Will's* their *Cæsar*, and his *Word's* their *God*.

* *Rabbi!* rememberest thou a former *City-Marshal*? rememberest thou a certain *Dealer in Corks*?

† A common Practice with the *Preachers* among these *Saints*—They have a *Text* for every *Purpose*, and a *crafty Comment* for every *Text*—If they want *Contributions* (no Matter by *what Means* they are procured), then “*the Lord loveth a chearful Giver*,” &c. &c.

Thus

Thus mark'd for *pious Bubbles* on Record,
They lend (as *Cantwell* calls it) *to the Lord*;
Thro' *him* they *lend*—and, if his Plots succeed,
His is the single Glory and the Deed.
Thus is his *Maker* honour'd—thus he gleans,
Till *Heav'n* is serv'd (like *G---ge*) by *Ways and Means*.
Whilst *Temples* thus arise to *one Man's* Praise,
How many Families with Herds must graze?
Filch'd by *Imposture*, can such Fabrics stand?
A *Temple* rais'd by *Fraud* is built on *Sand*.
Will not *impoverish'd Orphans*, when they see
Thy Pride appear, impute their Wants to *Thee*?
Wou'd not the *Naked*, but for thy *vain Spire*,
Have had sufficient *Raiment*, and a *Fire*?
In Poverty and Rags must *Merit* pine,
That thy *false Light* before *thy Tribes* may shine?

Religion

Religion thus becomes a Nation's Rod ;
 A *Temple pilfer'd* * is no House for God.
 Such splendid Traps the Eyes of *Men* may catch,
 But *Heav'n* prefers *Integrity* and *Thatch*.
 Will *Heav'n* be brib'd with Heaps of *Brick* and *Stone*?
 Thy *F-----y* first in Ruins shall be thrown,
 Thy rising *Temple*, too, in Storms be hurl'd,
 And *Thou* whipp'd naked thro' the *cozen'd World*.
 Some Years ago (tho' now to *Forms* a Friend)
 Did not *set Forms* your Conscience much offend †?
 Then you thought *Forms* and *Tyranny* a Fault;
 At both your *free-born Soul* cou'd then revolt;
 But now at *Liberty* it basely snarls,
 And *Forms* are better than the *Act* of *Charles* ‡.

* By Means of *Contributions won* from some and *wrung* from others, by every Artifice that can put the *Hopes* or *Fears*, or *Vanity*, of *Dupes* in Motion.

† The Aversion that these canting *Teachers* have to *set Forms of Prayer* is notorious; and the greatest and oldest *Hypocrite* among them has often declared it in Print.

‡ Stat. 22 Car. II. c. 1. against *Conventicles*—an *Act* particularly obnoxious to these *Saints*.

Temples bring *Gain*—that *Act* no *Saint* can bear—
 Hence you adopt, *at last*, the *Common-Pray'r*.
 Basely you'll drudge thro' an *ungrateful Task*,
 And use a *Liturgy* by Way of *Mask*.
 When *Int'rest* calls, to gain a ready *Pass*,
 You'd mumble o'er a *Pray'r-Book* or a *Mass*;
 True to no *Tenets*, give your *Av'rice* Scope,
 Serve under *North* or *Hancock**, *Christ* or *Pope*;
 Dissent, unite, deny, avow; spread Sail
 For any *Port*, where *Gain* attends the Gale †;
 In *Falsehood* leave the worst of *Saints* behind;
 And, like another *Judas*, shock Mankind.
 Yet, *tolerating Spirits* you revere ‡—
 From *Works* you durst not own, does this appear?

* That *Arch-Fiend* and *Rebel* (as he is called by some) in America.—The *Reverend Author* of the *Calm Address* to the Inhabitants of England whets his *sacred Knife* at him in p. 7 and 10 of that *pretty Pamphlet*, in which the *Monthly Reviewers* very truly say there is nothing *calm* to be found but the single Word *calm* in the *Title-Page*.

† That *Cantwell* is both a *religious* and *political Weathercock* he himself has amply proved of late in Print.

‡ Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 96.

Come forth, thou worst of *Books*! thou vile Disgrace
 To *Christian Pens*, and shew thy *popish Face*!
 You'll tell me (if the clumsy Veil I draw
 From the *wrong'd Servant* †, and detect your *Claw*,
 Your *cloven Foot*), still skulking in *Disguise*,
 "I must not trust my *Senses* and my *Eyes*;
 "I *wrote* it not ‡."—What then?—you *dictated*—
 The *Beast's* plain Mark by *Falsehood* can't be hid.
 From this Time reign a *Pope*—'tis said—'tis done—
 The *Vatican* adopts thee for a *Sen*.
 High, when *beatify'd*, thy *Star* shall shine,
 Nor *Borgia's* || *Glory* bear the Palm from *thine*.
 Cruel he was in *Practice*, but in *Soul*
 He was but Part of *Thee*, Thou perfect *Whole*!
 Let thy *dread Comminations* taint the Air,
 And *Hell* shall wonder at a *Fiend* so rare;

† It is given out that the *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor* was written by a *Livery-Servant*—a gross *Falsity*—It is *Cantwell's* own—*ex Pede Herculem*—

‡ Accuse a *Saint*, and he always studies for *equivocal Terms* to exculpate himself.

|| *Cesar Borgia*.

Inquisitors excell'd their Records tread
 To Dust, and blushing hide their *pigmy-Head*.
Hear how *meek Charity* Mankind abhors ;
 How with *all Churches John's Perfection* wars ;
 How *Christian-Love*, in him *celestial* grown,
Pope-like, damns all *Professions** but *his own*.
 Envenom'd Words intensely fix his Stings,
 And *Fulminations* fly on Demons Wings ;
 Thus, thus they *blast*—yet, let me blot the Verse
 A *Christian Muse* must shudder to rehearse †.
 If *Heav'n* exerts a tender Parent's Care
 O'er human Beings, and delights to *spare*,

* The *staunch Saints* have the Impudence to call the whole *Christian World* mere *Professors* of Religion—all are *whited Hypocrites*, and *white Devils*, except *themselves*—Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 38, 94, 95, 96—They are called (in *Shylock's* Language) *grinning Dogs*, p. 54.

† Thus runs the dreadful *Commination* of this meek *Follower of the Lamb*, who professes *Perfection*, and Faith *working by Love*:—"Hear, O *Israel*!—" "The presumptuous *Hypocrite* (i. e. every one not a *Methodist*), who is *settled* "on his *Lees*, I would not *spare*—He must be driven from his *Security* by the "fiery and *holy Law*—I would fight him with *red-hot Swords*, and wound "him with all the *Fire-Bolts* of *Hell*." Vide *Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor*, p. 96, 97.

Thrice

Thrice happy will this *Damner* of Mankind
 In final Mercy a sure Refuge find ;
 But, (as *He* teaches*,) should his God, like *him*,
 Be warp'd by mortal *Hate*, *Revenge*, and *Whim* ;
 Shou'd *He*, with *Terrors* arm'd, like *Cantwell* damn,
 Nor heed the *perfect Followers of the Lamb*† ;
 If *Justice* is an Attribute, whose Force
Mercy ne'er sweetly tempers ; then, of Course,
 That *Wretch* must tremble, who usurps *his* Place,
 And deals *Damnation* o'er the human Race ;
Hell to its *Fires* must scourge its *perfect Guest*,
 And heat *one* Furnace hotter than the rest.
 Thou *perfect Man* !—nay, more—*Perfection's Self* !
 Is *Terror* then the *Drag-Net* of your *Pelf* ?

* Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 98; 126, &c. speaking thus of God, viz. *inaccessible Majesty*—*severe Judge*—*most potent Adversary*—his Anger will pursue you to the lowest Hell, &c. &c.

† These wretched, infatuated *Saints* call *themselves* so. Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 54.

Art *Thou* commission'd, by that *suff'ring Lamb*
 Whom you pretend to follow, thus to damn?
 Hath *Punishment* to *thy* Department fell?
 Hath *Heav'n* to *Thee* consign'd the Keys of *Hell*?
 Know'st *Thou* the *Father*, who alone is *Good*,
 By none but by *himself* well understood?
 Vain, impious Wretch!--thy *Doctrines* spread too soon--
 Whence dost thou prove *that God* to be *triune**?
 This be thy Boast, if Ministers but nod,
 Make earthly *Kings* co-equal with thy *God*†.
 To other Rules of *Faith* add this of *thine*,
 And tack one *Item* more to *Thirty-nine*;
 In *sycophantic Blasphemy* go on,
 E'en raise an *Altar* to your *Tetragon*;

* Vide Poor Man's Spiritual Instructor, p. 104—Note, too, that in a certain fanatical *Hymn-Book* there is a blasphemous Jingle of this Kind, written in *Jig-Metre*, and sung accordingly to a light *Play-House Tune* by *Cantwell's Saints*.

† This impious Piece of *Pagan Flattery* is to be found in an *Address*, by no Means a *calm one*.

In your *new Temple* place your *Idol* high,
 And bid your *Lambs* fall down before—a *Lie*;
 Rememb'ring (shou'd we see a *Regent-State*)
Your Gods wou'd *then* be surely more than *Eight*.
K---s!---*Creatures* of Man's Choice!---Who ever dream'd
 That *such dubb'd Majesty* cou'd be *blasphem'd**?
 Call you these *Gods*!---whom thus a *Dotard* brands,
 With *Terrors*, *Death*,* and *Torments*, in their Hands!
 Whose *Wrath* pours forth *Destruction* in a Flood!
Gods of *Fire*, *Famine*, *Massacre*, and *Blood*!
 Whom *Vengeance*, *Groans*, and *Tortures*, only please!
 No Tears can soften, and no Pray'rs appease!
Such Gods—*such K---s*—are *Genii* full of *Evil*—
 Let me bow down to *Nero*, or the *Devil*.
 With *Gods*, yourselves have *made*, your *Meetings* ring,
 But *Bedlam* now has *coin'd* the first *God-K---*.

* Yet such an Expression, to the Author's Shame, (if a *Wolf* can *blush*,) is in Print, viz. "blaspheme *God* and *the King*."

Hail!

PERFECTION
Hail! Father of each *Tabernacle-Art*!
That keep'st the Keys of *Coffer, Sense, and Heart*!
Who without *Teeth, or Truth*, canst still succeed
In milking *Guilt*, and making *Folly* bleed*!
Immortal be thy *F-----y, Sin's Retreat*!
And *Thou*, the *Founder* of such gross *Deceit*!
May *Time* (to shame thee) long that *Fabric* spare!
Long mayst thou *mumble* to make *Virtue* stare!
For silly *Women* long mix *pious Pap*,
Whilst *true Religion* smiles at *Priestcraft's Trap*!
But, above all, thou *Friend to Public Good*!
Stir up *Revenge* to shed a *Nation's Blood*;
Wing *Desolation*, aggravate *Distress*,
Turn those to *Tyrants* who should live to *bless*,
And *massacre* Mankind with *CALM ADDRESS*.

* A Cant-Term for gulling *Fools* out of their Money.

F I N I S.

